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(CLASS OF 1882)

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TO COMFORT YOU:

**A choice gathering together of the best of verse of comfort, uniform in style of "This is For You." Edited by Elia W. Peattie. 12mo, boxed. 1.00

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Poems of Comfort

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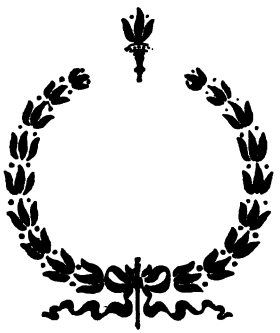

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ALL'S WELL

Harriet McEwen Kimball

THE day is ended! Ere I sink to sleep,
My weary spirit seeks repose in Thine.
Father, forgive my trespasses, and keep
This little life of mine.

With loving kindness curtain Thou my bed,
And cool in rest my burning pilgrim feet;
Thy pardon be the pillow for my head;
So, shall my sleep be sweet.

At peace with all the world, dear Lord, and Thee,
No fears my soul's unwavering faith can shake;
All's well, whichever side the grave for me
The morning light may break.

ROCK ME TO SLEEP

Elizabeth Akers Allen

BACKWARD, turn backward, O Time, in your
flight,
Make me a child again just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears,—
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain,—
Take them, and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay,—
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away;
Weary of sowing for others to reap;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded, our faces between:

Yet, with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I to-night for your presence again.
Come from the silence so long and so deep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Over my heart in the days that are flown,
No love like the mother-love ever has shone;
No other worship abides and endures,—
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours.
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain.
Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep;
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old;
Let it drop over my forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light;
For with its sunny edged shadows once more
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore;
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
Since I last listened your lullaby song:
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream.

To Comfort You

Beneath Thy cross abiding
Forever would I rest,
In Thy dear love confiding,
And with Thy presence blest.

Be near when I am dying;
Oh, show Thy cross to me:
And to my succor flying,
Come Lord, and set me free.
These eyes new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing
Dies safely through Thy love.

LOVE AND DEATH

Margaret Deland

ALAS! that men must see
Love, before Death!
Else they content might be
With their short breath;
Aye, glad, when the pale sun
Showed restless Day was done
And endless Rest begun.

Glad, when with strong, cool hand
Death clasped their own,
And with a strange command
Hushed every moan;
Glad to have finished pain,
And labor wrought in vain,
Blurred by Sin's deepening stain.

But Love's insistent voice
Bids Self to flee—
"Live that I may rejoice,
Live on, for me!"
So, for Love's cruel mind,
Men fear this Rest to find,
Nor know great Death is kind!

GIVE ME NOT TEARS

Rose Hawthorne Lathrop

DESPAIR

DEAR, when you see my grave,
Oh, shall you weep?
Ah, no! That were to have
Mistaken care;
But when you see my grave,
I pray you keep
Sunshine of heart that time doth lay me there,
Where veiling mists of dream guard endless sleep,

Though the young life we mourn
That, blooming, dies,—
Ere grief hath made forlorn
This other face,—
Still sadder are the eyes,
The cheeks more worn
Than show the dead, of those who seek love's grace:
Death is the gentlest of the world's replies.

JOY

DEAR, when the sun is set
From my life's air,
And your eyes, newly wet
With tears for me,

Give Me Not Tears

Make my sky darker yet,—
Remember where
Your eyes in light laved all my destiny:
Weep not, weep not, since so much love was there!

Remember that through you
My rapture came.
I gained from faith so true
More than I asked,—
For not the half I knew
My need might name,
Until I saw the soul your love unmasked:
Then crave not of the night my vanished flame.

ONE DEAD

John William Inchbold

IS IT deep sleep, or is it rather death?
Rest anyhow it is, and sweet is rest:—
No more the doubtful blessing of the breath;
Our God hath said that silence is the best,
And thou art silent as the pale round moon,
And near thee is our birth's great mystery:—
Alas, we knew not thou wouldst go so soon!
We cannot tell where sky is lost in sea,
But only find life's bark to come and go,
By wondrous Nature's hidden force impelled,—
Then melts the wake in sea, and none shall know
For certain which the course the vessel held;—
The lessening ship by us no more is seen,
And sea and sky are just as they have been.

AFFLICTIONS SANCTIFIED BY THE WORD

William Cowper

OH, HOW I love Thy holy Word,
Thy gracious covenant, O Lord!
It guides me in the peaceful way;
I think upon it all the day.

What are the mines of shining wealth,
The strength of youth, the bloom of health,
What are all joys compared with those
Thine everlasting Word bestows.

Long unafflicted, undismayed,
In pleasure's path secure I strayed;
Thou madest me feel thy chastening rod,
And straight I turned unto my God.

What though it pierced my fainting heart,
I blessed Thine hand that caused the smart.
It taught my tears awhile to flow,
But saved me from eternal woe.

Oh! hadst Thou left me unchastised,
Thy precepts I had still despised;

And still the snare in secret laid
Had my unwary feet betrayed.

I love Thee, therefore, O my God,
And breathe toward Thy dear abode;
Where in Thy presence fully blest,
Thy chosen saints for ever rest.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

Cardinal Newman

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet! I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day; and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

THANKFULNESS

Adelaide Procter

MY GOD, I thank Thee who hast made
The earth so bright;
So full of splendor and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right!

I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot of Earth
Some love is found.

I thank Thee *more* that all our joy
Is touched with pain;
That shadows fall on brightest hours;
That thorns remain;
So that Earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

For Thou who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,

Thankfulness

Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings,
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things!

I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store;
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more;
A yearning for a deeper peace,
Not known before.

I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest—
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast!

The world is so full of a number of things,
That I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

BY COOL SILOAM'S SHADY RILL

Bishop R. Heber

BY COOL Siloam's shady rill
How fair the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

O Thou, Whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,

Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine:

Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age and death,
To keep us still Thine own.

GIVE

Adelaide Procter

SEE the rivers flowing
Downward to the sea,
Pouring all their treasures
Bountiful and free:
Yet to help their giving
Hidden springs arise;
Or, if need be, showers
Feed them from the skies.

Watch the princely flowers
Their rich fragrance spread,
Load the air with perfumes,
From their beauty shed:
Yet their lavish spending
Leaves them not in dearth,
With fresh life replenished
By their mother earth!

Give thy heart's best treasures,—
From fair Nature learn:
Give thy love—and ask not,
Wait not a return!
And the more thou spendest
From thy little store,
With a double bounty
God will give thee more.

PER PACEM AD LUCEM

Adelaide Procter

I DO not ask, Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road;
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load;

I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead:
Lead me aright—
Though strength should falter, and though heart should bleed—
Through Peace to Light.

I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here;
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.

I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
Better in darkness just to feel thy hand
And follow Thee.

Joy is like restless day; but peace divine
Like quiet night:
Lead me, O Lord,—till perfect Day shall shine,
Through Peace to Light.

OUR DAILY BREAD

Adelaide Procter

GIVE us our daily Bread,
O God, the bread of strength!
For we have learnt to know
How weak we are at length.
As children we are weak,
As children must be fed;—
Give us Thy Grace, O Lord,
To be our daily bread.

Give us our daily Bread,—
The bitter bread of grief.
We sought earth's poisoned feasts
For pleasure and relief;
We sought her deadly fruits,
But now, O God, instead,
We ask Thy healing grief
To be our daily Bread.

Give us our daily Bread
To cheer our fainting soul;
The feast of comfort, Lord,
And peace, to make us whole;

For we are sick of tears,
  The useless tears we shed;—
Now give us comfort, Lord,
  To be our daily Bread.

Give us our daily Bread,
  The Bread of Angels, Lord,
By us, so many times,
  Broken, betrayed, adored.
His Body and His Blood,—
  The feast that Jesus spread:
Give Him—our life, our all—
  To be our daily Bread!

GO TO DARK GETHSEMANE

James Montgomery

GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power,
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with Him one bitter hour;
Turn not from His griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

Follow to the judgment-hall;
View the Lord of life arraigned;
Oh, the wormwood and the gall!
Oh, the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

Calvary's mournful mountain climb,
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark the miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete;
"It is finished!" hear Him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

CHRISTIAN! DOST THOU SEE THEM?

St. Andrew of Crete

CHRISTIAN! dost thou see them
On the holy ground,
How the powers of darkness
Rage thy steps around?
Christian! up and smite them,
Counting gain but loss,
In the strength that cometh
By the holy cross.

Christian! dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading into sin?
Christian! never tremble;
Never be downcast;
Gird thee for the battle;
Watch and pray and fast.

Christian! dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
"Always fast and vigil,
Always watch and prayer"?

Christian! answer boldly:
"While I breathe I pray!"
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

"Well I know thy trouble,
O My servant true;
Thou art very weary,
I was weary too;
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all my own,
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near my throne."

HYMN OF PEACE

John Greenleaf Whittier

DEAR Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our feverish ways;
Reclothe us in our rightful mind,
In purer lives Thy service find,
In deeper reverence, praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard,
Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,—
Let us, like them, without a word
Rise up and follow Thee.

Oh, sabbath rest by Galilee!
Oh, calm of hills above
Where Jesus knelt to share with thee
The silence of eternity,
Interpreted by love!

Drop thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of the Peace.

HYMN

Joseph Addison

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
Th' unwearied Sun from day to day
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly to the listening Earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is divine."

THE TOYS

Coventry Patmore

MY little Son, who look'd from thoughtful eyes
And moved and spoke in quiet, grown-up wise,
Having my law the seventh time disobey'd,
I struck him, and dismiss'd
With hard words and unkiss'd,—
His Mother, who was patient, being dead.
Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
I visited his bed,
But found him slumbering deep,
With darken'd eyelids, and their lashes yet
From his late sobbing wet.
And I, with moan,
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own;
For, on a table drawn beside his head,
He had put, within his reach,
A box of counters and a red-vein'd stone,
A piece of glass abraded by the beach,
And six or seven shells,
A bottle with bluebells,
And two French copper coins, ranged there with careful art,

To Comfort You

To comfort his sad heart.
So when that night I pray'd
To God, I wept, and said:
Ah, when at last we lie with tranced breath,
Not vexing thee in death,
And Thou rememberest of what toys
We made our joys,
How weakly understood
Thy great commanded good,
Then, fatherly not less
Than I whom Thou hast moulded from the clay,
Thou'lt leave Thy wrath, and say,
"I will be sorry for their childishness."

LITANY OF THE HOLY SPIRIT

Robert Herrick

IN the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart and sick in head,
And with doubts discomforted,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drown'd in sleep,
Yet mine eyes their watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the passing bell doth toll,
And the Furies in a shoal
Come to fright a parting soul,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tapers now burn blue,
And the comforters are few,
And that number more than true,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

To Comfort You

When the priest his last hath prayed,
And I nod to what is said,
'Cause my speech is now decay'd,
  Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When, God knows, I'm tossed about
Either with despair or doubt;
Yet before the glass be out,
  Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tempter me pursueth
With the sins of all my youth,
And half damns me with untruth,
  Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the flames and hellish cries
Fright mine ears and fright mine eyes,
And all terrors me surprise,
  Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the Judgment is reveal'd,
And that open'd which was seal'd,
When to Thee I have appeal'd,
  Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

EASTER

George Herbert

I GOT me flowers to strew Thy way,
I got me boughs off many a tree;
But Thou wast up by break of day,
And brought'st Thy sweets along
with Thee.

Yet, though my flowers be lost, they say
A heart can never come too late;
Teach it to sing Thy praise this day,
And then this day my life shall date.

UP HILL

Christina Rossetti

DOES the road wind up-hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting place?
A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
Of labor you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yea, beds for all who come.

SONG FROM "PIPPA PASSES"

Robert Browning

THE year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearl'd;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn:
God's in His Heaven—
All's right with the world.

A LITTLE CHILD'S HYMN FOR NIGHT AND MORNING

Francis Turner Palgrave

THOU that once, on mother's knee,
Wast a little one like me,
When I wake or go to bed
Lay thy hands about my head.
Let me feel thee very near,
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear.

Be beside me in the light,
Close by me through all the night;
Make me gentle, kind, and true,
Do what mother bids me do;
Help and cheer me when I fret,
And forgive when I forget.

Once wast thou in cradle laid,
Baby bright in manger-shade,
With the oxen and the cows,
And the lambs outside the house:
Now art thou above the sky—
Canst thou hear a baby cry?

Thou art nearer when we pray,
Since thou art so far away;
Thou my little hymn wilt hear,
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear,
Thou that once, on mother's knee
Wast a little one like me.

FLOWER IN THE CRANNIED WALL

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

FLOWER in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but *if* I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

A DIRGE

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

CALM on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit, rest thee now!
E'en while with ours thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

Dust, to its narrow house beneath!
Soul, to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death
No more may fear to die.

LAST LINES

Emily Brontë

NO COWARD soul is mine,
No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere:
I see heaven's glories shine,
And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

O God within my breast,
Almighty, ever-present Deity!
Life—that in me has rest,
As I—undying Life—have power in Thee!

Vain are the thousand creeds
That move men's hearts: unalterably vain;
Worthless as withered weeds,
Or idlest froth amid the boundless main.

To waken doubt in one
Holding so fast by Thine infinity;
So surely anchored on
The steadfast rock of immortality.

With wide-embracing love
Thy Spirit animates eternal years,

Pervades and broods above,
  Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and rears.

Though earth and man were gone,
  And suns and universes cease to be,
And Thou wert left alone,
  Every existence would exist in Thee.

There is not room for Death,
  No atom that his might could render void:
Thou—Thou art Being and Breath,
  And what Thou art may never be destroyed.

CONSOLATION

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

ALL are not taken; there are left behind
Living Beloveds, tender looks to bring
And make the daylight still a happy thing,
And tender voices, to make soft the wind:
But if it were not so—if I could find
No love in all this world for comforting,
Nor any path but hollowly did ring
Where "dust to dust" the love from life disjoin'd;
And if, before those sepulchres unmoving
I stood alone (as some forsaken lamb
Goes bleating up the moors in weary dearth)
Crying "Where are ye, O my loved and loving?"—
I know a voice would sound: "Daughter, I am.
Can I suffice for Heaven and not for earth?"

ABIDE WITH ME

Henry Francis Lyte

ABIDE with me! Fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens: Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, Oh, abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away:
Change and decay in all around I see;
Oh, Thou, who changest not, abide with me!

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,—
Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me!

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings:
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea:
Come, Friend of sinners, and thus abide with me!

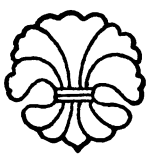
Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left thee:
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

Abide with Me

I need Thy presence every passing hour.
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting, where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes:
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me!



ABIDE WITH US

Horatius Bonar

'TIS evening now!
O Saviour, wilt not thou
Enter my home and heart,
Nor ever hence depart,
Ever when the morning breaks,
And earth again awakes?
Thou wilt abide with me,
And I with Thee.

The world is old!
Its air grows dull and cold;
Upon its aged face
The wrinkles come apace;
Its western sky is wan,
Its youth and joy are gone.
O Master, be our light,
When o'er us falls the night.

Evil is round!
Iniquities abound;
Our cottage will be lone
When the great Sun is gone;
O Saviour, come and bless,
Come share our loneliness;
We need a comforter;
Take up thy dwelling here.

THY WAY, NOT MINE

Horatius Bonar

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it matters not,
Right onward to Thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot;
I would not, if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God;
So shall I walk aright.

The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine, so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.

Then take my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill;

To Comfort You

Choose Thou for me my friends,
  My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
  My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine the choice,
  In things or great or small;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
  My wisdom, and my all.

THE VOICE FROM GALILEE

Horatius Bonar

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast.
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad,
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Behold, I freely give
The living water,—thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live.
I came to Jesus and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quench'd, my soul reviv'd,
And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
I am this dark world's light,
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise
And all thy day be bright.
I look'd to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done.

LOST BUT FOUND

Horatius Bonar

I WAS a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled.
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home;
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

The Shepherd sought His sheep;
The Father sought His child;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild.
They found me nigh to death,
Famish'd, and faint, and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love;
They saved the wandering one.

They spoke in tender love,
They rais'd my drooping head;
They gently closed my bleeding wounds,
My fainting soul they fed.
They washed my filth away,
They made me clean and fair;

They brought me to my home in peace,
The long-sought wanderer.

Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas He that loved my soul;
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
'Twas He that made me whole;
'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep;
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
'Tis He that still doth keep.

I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled;
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold.
I was a wayward child,
I once preferr'd to roam;
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love His home.

PARADISE

Frederick William Faber

O PARADISE, O Paradise,
Who doth not crave for rest,
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that lov'd are blest?—

Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight?

O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?

O Paradise, O Paradise,
Wherefore doth death delay?
Bright death, that is the welcome dawn
Of our eternal day.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
'Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near.

Paradise

O Paradise, O Paradise,
I long to sin no more,
I long to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
Is destining for me.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
I feel 'twill not be long;
Patience! I almost think I hear
Faint fragments of thy song:

Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

TEACH US TO DIE

Arthur Penrhyn Stanley

WHERE shall we learn to die?
Go, gaze with steadfast eye
On dark Gethsemane
Or darker Calvary,
Where through each lingering hour
The Lord of grace and power,
Most lowly and most high,
Has taught the Christian how to die.

When in the olive shade
His long last prayer he pray'd,
When on the cross to Heaven
His parting spirit was given,
He show'd that to fulfil
The Father's gracious will,
Not asking how or why,
Alone prepares the soul to die.

No word of anxious strife,
No anxious cry for life;
By scoff and torture torn,
He speaks not scorn for scorn;

Calmly forgiving those
Who deem themselves his foes,
In silent majesty
He points the way at peace to die.

Delighting to the last
In memories of the past;
Glad at the parting meal
In lowly tasks to kneel;
Still yearning to the end
For mother and for friend;
His great humility
Loves in such acts of love to die.

Beyond his depth of woes
A wider thought arose,
Along his path of gloom,
Thoughts for his country's doom;
Athwart all pain and grief,
Thought for the contrite thief:
The far-stretch'd sympathy
Lives on when all beside shall die.

Bereft, but not alone,
The world is still his own;
The realm of deathless truth
Still breathes immortal youth;

Sure, though in shuddering dread,
That all is finished,
With purpose fix'd and high
The friend of all mankind must die.

Oh, by those weary hours
Of slowly-ebbing powers;
By those deep lessons heard
In each expiring word;
By that unfailing love
Lifting the soul above,
When our last end is nigh,
So teach us, Lord, with Thee to die.

CHILD'S EVENING HYMN

Sabine Baring-Gould

NOW the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep,
Birds and beasts and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

Jesu, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

To Comfort You

Through the long night watches
  May thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
  Watching round my bed.

When the morning wakens,
  Then may I arise
Pure and fresh and sinless
  In Thy holy eyes.

Glory to the Father,
  Glory to the Son,
And to Thee, bless'd Spirit,
  Whilst all ages run. Amen.

MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND

Christopher Newman Hall

MY times are in Thy hand!
I know not what a day
Or e'en an hour may bring to me,
But I am safe while trusting Thee,
Though all things fade away.
All weakness, I
On Him rely
Who fix'd the earth and spread the starry sky.

My times are in Thy hand!
Pale poverty or wealth,
Corroding care or calm repose,
Spring's balmy breath or winter's snows,
Sickness or buoyant health,—
Whate'er betide,
If God provide,
'Tis for the best; I wish no lot beside.

My times are in Thy hand!
Should friendship pure illume
And strew my path with fairest flowers,
Or should I spend life's dreary hours

To Comfort You

In solitude's dark gloom,
Thou art a friend,
Till time shall end,
Unchangeably the same; in Thee all beauties blend.

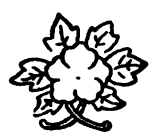
My times are in Thy hand!
Many or few, my days
I leave with Thee,—this only pray,
That by Thy grace, I, every day
Devoting to Thy praise,
May ready be
To welcome Thee
Whene'er Thou com'st to set my spirit free.

My times are in Thy hand!
Howe'er those times may end,
Sudden or slow my soul's release,
Midst anguish, frenzy, or in peace,
I'm safe with Christ my friend.
If He is nigh,
Howe'er I die,
'Twill be the dawn of heavenly ecstasy.

My times are in Thy hand!
To Thee I can entrust
My slumbering clay, till Thy command
Bids all the dead before Thee stand,

Awaking from the dust.
Beholding Thee,
What bliss 'twill be
With all Thy saints to spend eternity.

To spend eternity
In Heaven's unclouded light!
From sorrow, sin, and frailty free,
Beholding and resembling thee,—
Oh, too transporting sight!
Prospect too fair
For flesh to bear!
Haste, haste, my Lord, and soon transport me there!



THE SECRET PLACE

Henry Francis Lyte

THERE is a safe and secret place
Beneath the wings divine,
Reserv'd for all the heirs of grace:
Oh, be that refuge mine!

The least and feeblest there may bide
Uninjured and unaw'd:
While thousands fall on every side,
He rests secure in God,

The angels watch him on his way,
And aid with friendly arm;
And Satan, roaring for his prey,
May hate, but cannot harm.

He feeds in pastures large and fair
Of love and truth divine;
O child of God, O glory's heir,
How rich a lot is thine!

A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
An honor'd life, a peaceful end,
And Heaven to crown it all!

THE HAPPY HEART

Thomas Dekker

ART thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?
O sweet content!
Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexèd?
O punishment!
Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexed
To add to golden numbers, golden numbers?
O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!
Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
Honest labor bears a lovely face;
Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny!

Canst drink the waters of the crispèd spring?
O sweet content!
Swimm'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears?
O punishment!
Then he that patiently want's burden bears,
No burden bears, but is a king, a king!
O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!
Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
Honest labor bears a lovely face;
Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny!

CROSSING THE BAR

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

SUNSET and evening star
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,—
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

THE SHEPHERD BOY SINGS IN THE VALLEY OF HUMILIATION

John Bunyan

HE that is down needs fear no fall,
He that is low no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.

I am content with what I have,
Little it be or much:
And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
Because Thou savest such.

Fullness to such a burden is
That go on pilgrimage:
Here little, and hereafter bliss,
Is best from age to age.

TO A WATERFOWL

William Cullen Bryant

WHITHER, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
  Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
  Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone! the abyss of heaven
  Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
  And shall not soon depart:

He who, from zone to zone,
  Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone
  Will lead my steps aright.

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE

George Pope Morris

THIS book is all that's left me now!
Tears will unbidden start,—
With faltering lip and throbbing brow
I press it to my heart.
For many generations past,
Here is our family tree;
My mother's hands this Bible clasped,
She, dying, gave it me.

Ah, well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear;
Who round the hearth-stone used to close
After the evening prayer,
And speak of what these pages said,
In tones my heart would thrill!
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here they are living still.

My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters, dear;
How calm was my poor mother's look
Who leaned God's word to hear!

Her angel face—I see it yet!
What vivid memories come!
Again that little group is met
Within the halls of home!

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
Where all were false I found thee true,
My counsellor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasures give
That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.

PARAPHRASE OF LUTHER'S HYMN

Frederick Henry Hedge

A MIGHTY fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing;
Our helper he amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe;
His craft and power are great,
And, armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.

Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing,—
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is He,
Lord Saboath His name,
From age to age the same,
And He must win the battle.

And though this world, with devils filled,
Should threaten to undo us,
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us.

Paraphrase of Luther's Hymn

The Prince of Darkness grim,—
We tremble not for him.
His rage we can endure,
For lo, his doom is sure!
One little word shall fell him.

That word above all earthly powers,
No thanks to them, abideth;
The spirit and the gift are ours
Through Him Who with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also;
The body they may kill,
God's truth abideth still,
His Kingdom is forever.

NEARER HOME

Phoebe Cary

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er:
I am nearer home to-day
Than I have ever been before;

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea;

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown!

But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the silent, unknown stream
That leads at last to the light.

Closer and closer my steps
Come to the dread abysm,
Closer Death to my lips
Presses the awful chrism!

Nearer Home

Oh, if my mortal feet
  Have almost gained the brink—
If it be I am nearer home
  Even to-day than I think!

Father, perfect my trust;
  Let my spirit feel in death,
That her feet are firmly set
  On the rock of a living faith!

THE WATCHERS

Arlo Bates

WE must be nobler for our dead, be sure,
Than for the quick. We might their living eyes
Deceive with gloss of seeming; but all lies
Were vain to cheat a prescience spirit-pure.
Our soul's true worth and aim, however poor,
They see who watch us from some deathless skies
With glance death-quickened. That no sad surprise
Sting them in seeing, be ours to secure.
Living, our loved ones make us what they dream;
Dead, if they see, they know us as we are.
Henceforward we must be, not merely seem.
Bitterer woe than death it were by far
To fail their hopes who love us to redeem;
Loss were thrice loss that thus their faith should mar.

LIFE AND DEATH

Cosmo Monkhouse

FROM morn to eve they struggled—Life and Death.
At first it seemed to me that they in mirth
Contended, and as foes of equal worth,
So firm their feet, so undisturbed their breath.
But when the sharp red sun cut through its sheath
Of western clouds, I saw the brown arms' girth
Tighten and bear that radiant form to earth,
And suddenly both fell upon the heath.
And then the wonder came—for when I fled
To where those great antagonists down fell
I could not find the body that I sought,
And when or where it went I could not tell:
One only form was left of those who fought,
The long dark form of Death—and it was dead.

HYMN OF TRUST

Oliver Wendell Holmes

O LOVE Divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On Thee we cast each earth-born care,
We smile at pain while Thou art near!

Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near!

When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near!

On Thee we fling our burdened woe,
O Love Divine, forever dear,
Content to suffer while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near!

IMMORTALITY

Richard Henry Dana

AND do our loves all perish with our frames?
Do those that took their root and put forth buds,
And their soft leaves unfolded in the warmth
Of mutual hearts, grow up and live in beauty,
Then fade and fall, like fair, unconscious flowers?
Are thoughts and passions, that to the tongue give speech
And make it send forth winning harmonies,—
That to the cheek do give its living glow,
And vision in the eye the soul intense
With that for which there is no utterance—
Are these the body's accidents?—no more?—
To live in it, and when it dies, go out
Like the burnt taper's flame?

O, listen, man!
A voice within us speaks the startling word,
"Man, thou shalt never die!" Celestial voices
Hymn it around our souls: according harps,
By angel fingers touched when the mild stars
Of morning sang together, sound forth still
The song of our great immortality:

Thick clustering orbs, and this our fair domain,
The tall, dark mountains, and the deep-toned seas,
Join in this solemn, universal song.

O, listen ye, our spirits; drink it in
From all the air! 'Tis in the gentle moonlight;
'Tis floating in day's setting glories; Night,
Wrapt in her sable robe, with silent step,
Comes to our bed and breathes it in our ears:
Night, and the dawn, bright day, and thoughtful eve,
All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,
As one vast mystic instrument, are touched
By an unseen, living Hand; the conscious chords
Quiver with joy in this great jubilee;
The dying hear it, and as sounds of earth
Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls
To mingle in this heavenly harmony.

A DEATHBED

James Aldrich

HER suffering ended with the day,
Yet lived she at its close,
And breathed the long, long night away
In statue-like repose.

But when the sun in all his state
Illumed the eastern skies,
She passed through Glory's morning gate
And walked in Paradise!

A PSALM OF LIFE

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

(What the heart of the young man said to the psalmist.)

TELL me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!—
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

A Psalm of Life

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
  Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
  Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
  We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
  Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
  Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
  Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing
  With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
  Learn to labor and to wait.

SOMEWHERE

Julia C. R. Dorr

HOW can I cease to pray for thee? Somewhere
In God's great universe thou art to-day.
Can He not reach thee with His tender care?
Can He not hear me when for thee I pray?

What matters it to Him who holds within
The hollow of His hand all worlds, all space,
That thou art done with earthly pain and sin?
Somewhere within His ken thou hast a place!

Somewhere thou livest, and hast need of Him;
Somewhere thy soul sees higher heights to climb;
And somewhere, still, there may be valleys dim
That thou must pass to reach the hills sublime.

Then all the more, because thou canst not hear
Poor, human words of blessing, will I pray,
Oh, true, brave heart, God bless thee, wheresoe'er
In His great universe thou art to-day.

GOOD NIGHT AND GOOD MORNING

Anna Laetitia Barbauld

LIFE! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
And when, or how, or where we met
I own to me's a secret yet.
Life! we've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Say not Good Night,—but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good Morning.

LIFE

Emily Dickinson

OUR share of night to bear,
Our blank in scorning.
Our blank in bliss to fill,
Our share of morning.

Here a star, and there a star,
Some lose their way.
Here a mist and there a mist,
Afterward—day!

CHARTLESS

Emily Dickinson

I NEVER saw a moor,
I never saw the sea;
Yet know I how the heather looks,
And what a wave must be.

I never spoke with God,
Nor visited in Heaven;
Yet certain am I of the spot
As if a chart were given.

THE PERFECT STATURE

Ben Jonson

IT is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make Man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere:
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night—
It was the plant and flower of Light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

MY HEART LEAPS UP WHEN I BEHOLD

William Wordsworth

MY heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man,
So be it when I shall grow old—
Or let me die!
The Child is father of the Man:
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

REMEMBRANCE

William Shakespeare

WHEN to the session of sweet silent thought,
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste;
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since-cancelled woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanished sight.
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoanèd moan,
Which I now pay as if not paid before:
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

ON HIS BLINDNESS

John Milton

WHEN I consider how my light is spent,
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide—
Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies: God doth not need
Either man's work, or His own gifts: who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best: His state
Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed
And post o'er land and ocean without rest,—
They also serve who only stand and wait.

THE LAND OF THE LEAL

Carolina, Lady Nairn

I'M wearing awa', Jean,
Like snaw when it's thaw, Jean,
I'm wearing awa'
To the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's neither cauld nor care, Jean,
The day is aye fair
In the land o' the leal.

Ye were aye leal and true, Jean,
Your task's ended noo, Jean,
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.
Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean,
She was baith guid and fair, Jean,
Oh, we grudged her right sair
To the land o' the leal!

Then dry that tearfu' e'e, Jean,
My soul langs to be free, Jean,
And angels wait on me
To the land o' the leal.
Now fare ye well, my ain Jean,
This warld's care is vain, Jean;
We'll meet and aye be fain
In the land o' the leal.

BENEDICITE

John Greenleaf Whittier

GOD'S love and peace be with thee, where
So e'er this soft autumnal air
Lifts the dark tresses of thy hair!

Whether through city casements comes
Its kiss to thee, in crowded rooms,
Or, out among the woodland blooms,

It freshens o'er thy thoughtful face,
Imparting, in its glad embrace,
Beauty to beauty, grace to grace!

Fair nature's book together read,
The old wood-paths that knew our tread,
The maple shadows overhead,—

The hills we climbed, the river seen
By gleams along its deep ravine,—
All keep thy memory fresh and green.

Where'er I look, where'er I stray,
Thy thought goes with me on my way,
And hence the prayer I breathe to-day;

O'er lapse of time and change of scene,
The weary waste which lies between
Thyself and me, thy heart I lean.

To Comfort You

Thou lack'st not friendship's spellword nor
The half-unconscious power to draw
All hearts to thine by Love's sweet law.

With these good gifts of God is cast
Thy lot, and many the charm thou hast
To hold the blessed angels fast.

If, then, a fervent wish for thee
The gracious heavens will heed from me,
What should, dear heart, its burden be?

The sighing of a shaken reed,—
What I can I more than meekly plead
The greatness of our common need:

God's love, unchanging, pure, and true,
The Paraclete white-shining through
His peace, the fall of Hermon's dew!

With such a prayer, on this sweet day,
As thou mayst hear and thou may say,
I greet thee, dearest, far away!

THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE

J. G. Whittier

TO weary hearts, to mourning homes,
God's meekest angel gently comes:
No power has he to banish pain,
Or give us back our lost again;
And yet in tenderest love, our dear
And Heavenly Father sends him here.

There's quiet in that Angel's glance,
There's rest in his still countenance:
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,
Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear;
But ills and woes he may not cure
He kindly trains us to endure.

Angel of Patience, sent to calm
Our feverish brows with cooling palm:
To lay the storms of hope and fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear;
The throbs of wounded pride to still,
And make our own our Father's will!

O thou who mournest on thy way,
With longings for the close of day:
He walks with thee, that Angel kind,
And gently whispers, "Be resigned,
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell
The dear Lord ordereth all things well!"

OPPORTUNITY

Edward Rowland Sill

THIS I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream:—
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.
A craven hung along the battle's edge
And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel—
That blue blade that the king's son bears—but this
Blunt thing!—" he snapt and flung it from his hand,
And lowering crept away and left the field.
Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with battle-shout
Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

THE RAINY DAY

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

THE day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart, and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

THE LATTICE AT SUNRISE

Charles Tennyson-Turner

AS ON my bed at dawn I mused and prayed,
I saw my lattice prankt upon the wall,
The flaunting leaves and flitting birds withal
A sunny phantom interlaced with shade.
"Thanks be to Heaven!" in happy mood I said;
"What sweeter aid my matins could befall
Than this fair glory from the East hath made?
What holy sleights hath God, the Lord of all,
To bid us feel and see! we are not free
To say we see not, for the glory comes
Nightly and daily, like the flowing sea;
His luster pierceth through the midnight glooms;
And, at prime hour, behold! He follows me
With golden shadows to my secret rooms!"

BELOVED, IT IS MORN

Emily Henrietta Hickey

BELOVED, it is morn!
A redder berry on the thorn,
A deeper yellow on the corn,
For this good-day new born.
Pray, Sweet, for me
That I may be
Faithful to God and thee.

Beloved, it is day!
And lovers work, as children play,
With heart and brain untired alway:
Dear love, look up and pray,
Pray, Sweet, for me
That I may be
Faithful to God and thee.

Beloved, it is night!
Thy heart and mine are full of light,
Thy spirit shineth clear and white:
God keep thee in His sight!
Pray, Sweet, for me
That I may be
Faithful to God and thee.

A LITANY

Phineas Fletcher

DROP, drop, slow tears,
And bathe those beauteous feet
Which brought from Heaven
The news and Prince of Peace.
Cease not, wet eyes,
His mercy to entreat:
To cry for vengeance
Sin doth never cease.
In your deep floods
Drown all my faults and fears;
Nor let His eye
See sin, but through my tears.

RECOMPENSE

By E. E. H. in London "Pilot."

WHAT shall we have who toiled all night through tempest,
At nets let down in vain, or laboring oar?
Yonder, the morn breaks, and, beyond the breaking,
A Watcher and a welcome on the shore!

What shall we have whose little hoard of twilight
Came nearest to the light of others' day?
God gave to all the blue dome of His building—
Only earth's clouds between were sometimes gray.

What shall we have who missed life's loveliest meanings—
Who bore the burden of the incomplete?
There is a wider room for our probation,
And we shall know our missed things when we meet!

What shall we have on whom Time laid for guerdon
The pricking brier and the grieving thorn?
How many an earthly trail of piercing shadow
Hedged up in bud a heavenly rose unborn!

What shall we have whose ghostly galleons foundered,
No man may know in what unfathomed seas?
All seas give up the dead things in their keeping;
Even our ships of dream? Yea, even these!

THE GUEST

Harriet McEwen Kimball

SPEECHLESS Sorrow sat with me;
I was sighing wearily;
Lamp and fire were out; the rain
Wildly beat the window-pane.
In the dark I heard a knock,
And a hand was on the lock;
One in waiting spake to me,
Saying sweetly,
"I am come to sup with thee."

All my room was dark and damp:
"Sorrow," said I, "Trim the lamp,
Light the fire, and cheer thy face,
Set the guest-chair in its place."
And again I heard the knock;
In the dark I found the lock:
"Enter, I have turned the key;
Enter Stranger,
Who art come to sup with me."

Opening wide the door he came,
But I could not speak his name;
In the guest-chair took his place,
But I could not see his face.
When my cheerful fire was beaming,
When my little lamp was gleaming,
And the feast was spread for three,
Lo, my Master
Was the Guest that supped with me!

THALASSA! THALASSA!

CRY OF THE TEN THOUSAND

Joseph Brownlee Brown

I STAND upon the summit of my life:
Behind, the camp, the court, the field, the grove,
The battle and the burden; vast, afar,
Beyond these weary ways, Behold! the Sea!
The sea o'erswept by clouds and winds and wings,
By thoughts and wishes manifold, whose breath
Is freshness and whose mighty pulse is peace.
Palter no question of the horizon dim,
Cut loose the bark; such voyage itself is rest,
Majestic motion, unimpeded scope,
A widening heaven, a current without care,
Eternity!—deliverance, promise, course!
Time-tired souls salute thee from the shore.

THE OTHER WORLD

Harriet Beecher Stowe

IT lies around us like a cloud,
The world we do not see;
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheeks
Amid our worldly cares;
Its gentle voices whisper love,
And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,
Sweet helping hands are stirred,
And palpitates the veil between,
With breathings almost heard.

The silence, awful, sweet, and calm,
They have no power to break;
For mortal words are not for them
To utter or partake.

So thin, so soft, so sweet they glide,
So near to press they seem,
They lull us gently to our rest,
They melt into our dream.

And, in the hush of rest they bring,
'Tis easy now to see
How lovely and how sweet a pass
The hour of death may be;—

To close the eye and close the ear,
Wrapped in a trance of bliss,
And, gently drawn in loving arms,
To swoon from that to this:—

Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep,
Scarce asking where we are,
To feel all evil sink away,
All sorrow and all care!

Sweet souls around us! watch us still,
Press nearer to our side;
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
With gentle helping glide.

Let death between us be as naught,
A dried and vanished stream;
Your joy be the reality,
Our suffering life the dream.

IO VICTIS

William Wetmore Story

I SING the hymn of the conquered, who fell in the Battle of Life,—
The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died overwhelmed in the strife;
Not the jubilant song of the victors, for whom the resounding acclaim
Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows wore the chaplet of fame,
But the hymn of the low and the humble, the weary, the broken in heart,
Who strove and who failed, acting bravely a silent and desperate part;
Whose youth bore no flowers on its branches, whose hopes burned in ashes away,
From whose hands slipped the prize they had grasped at, who stood at the dying of day
With the wreck of their life all around them, unpitied, unheeded, alone,
With Death swooping down o'er their failure, and all but their faith overthrown.
While the voice of the world shouts its chorus,—its paean for those who have won;
While the trumpet is sounding triumphant, and high to the breeze and the sun

Io Victis

Glad banners are waving, hands clapping, and hurrying feet
Thronging after the laurel-crowned victors, I stand on the field of defeat,
In the shadow, with those who have fallen, are wounded, and dying, and there
Chant a requiem low, place my hand on their pain-knitted brows, breathe a prayer,
Hold the hand that is helpless, and whisper, "They only the victory win
Who have fought the good fight, and have vanquished the demon that tempts us within;
Who have held to their faith unseduced by the prize that the world holds on high;
Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, resist, fight,—if need be, to die."
Speak, History! who are Life's victors? Unroll thy long annals and say,
Are they those whom the world called the victors—who won the success of a day?
The martyrs or Nero? The Spartans, who fell at Thermopylae's tryst,
Or the Persians or Xerxes? His judges or Socrates? Pilate or Christ?

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

Phillips Brooks

O LITTLE town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by,

Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light.
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night,

For Christ is born of Mary,
And, gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of his heaven.

No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
Oh, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

EVENING HYMN

William Henry Furness

SLOWLY by God's hand unfurled,
Down around the weary world
Falls the darkness; oh, how still
Is the working of Thy will!

Mighty Maker! Here am I,—
Work in me as silently,
Veil the day's distracting sights,
Show me heaven's eternal lights.

From the darkened sky come forth
Countless stars, a wondrous birth!
So may gleams of glory dart
Through the dim abyss, my heart;

Living worlds to view be brought
In the boundless realms of thought,
High and infinite desires,
Burning like those upper fires.

Holy truth, eternal right,
Let them break upon my sight,
Let them shine unclouded, still,
And with light my being fill.

Evening Hymn

Thou art there. Oh, let me know,
Thou art here within me too;
Be the perfect peace of God
Here as there now shed abroad.

May my soul attunèd be
To that perfect harmony,
Which, beyond the power of sound,
Fills the universe around.

THE QUIET LIFE

Alexander Pope

HAPPY the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter, fire.

Blest, who can unconcernd'ly find
Hours, days and years, slide soft away
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and ease
Together mix'd; sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most does please
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

NOT KNOWING

Mary Gardiner Brainard

Not knowing the things that shall befall me there —Acts 20: 22.

I KNOW not what shall befall me: God hangs
a mist o'er my eyes;
And thus, each step of my onward path, He
makes new scenes arise,
And every joy he sends to me comes like a sweet
surprise.

I see not a step before me as I tread on another year;
But I've left the past in God's keeping,—the future
His mercy shall clear,
And what looks dark in the distance may brighten as
I draw near,

For perhaps the dreaded future is less bitter than I
think;
The Lord may sweeten the waters before I stoop to
drink;
Or, if Marah must be Marah, He will stand beside its
brink.

It may be He keeps waiting, for the coming of my
feet,
Some gift of such rare blessedness, some joy so
strangely sweet,

That my lips shall only tremble with the thanks they
cannot speak.

O restful, blissful ignorance! 'tis blessed not to know;
It keeps me still in those mighty arms which will not
let me go,
And lulls my weariness to rest on the bosom that
loves me so.

So I go on not knowing,—I would not if I might;
I would rather walk in the dark with God than go
alone in the light;
I would rather walk with Him by faith than walk
alone by sight.

My heart shrinks back from trials which the future
may disclose,
Yet I never had a sorrow but what the dear Lord
chose;
So I send the coming tears back with the whispered
word, "He knows."

A BALLAD OF TREES AND THE MASTER

Sidney Lanier

INTO the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to Him:
The little gray leaves were kind to Him
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
And He was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.
When Death and Shame would woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last;
'Twas on a tree they slew Him—last,
When out of the woods He came.

THY WILL BE DONE

John Greenleaf Whittier

WE see not, know not; all our way
Is night,—with Thee alone is day:
From out the torrent's troubled drift,
Above the storm our prayers we lift,
Thy will be done!

The flesh may fail, the heart may faint,
But who are we to make complaint,
Or dare to plead, in times like these,
The weakness of our love of ease?
Thy will be done!

We take with solemn thankfulness
Our burden up, nor ask it less,
And count it joy that even we
May suffer, serve, or wait for Thee,
Whose will be done!

Though dim as yet in tint and line,
We trace thy picture's wise design,
And thank Thee that our age supplies
Its dark relief of sacrifice.
Thy will be done!

And if, in our unworthiness,
Our sacrificial wine we press;
If from thy ordeal's heated bars
Our feet are seamed with crimson scars,
  Thy will be done!

If, for the age to come, this hour
Of trial hath vicarious power,
And, blest by Thee, our present pain,
Be Liberty's eternal gain,
  Thy will be done!

Strike, Thou the Master, we the keys,
The anthem of the destinies!
The minor of Thy loftier strain,
Our hearts shall breathe the old refrain,
  Thy will be done!

EMIGRAVIT

Helen Hunt Jackson

WITH sails full set, the ship her anchor weighs.
Strange names shine out beneath her figure head.
What glad farewells with eager eyes are said!
Fair skies, rich lands, new homes and untried days
Some go to seek: the rest but wait instead,
Watching the way wherein their comrades led,
Until the next stanch ship her flag doth raise.
Who knows what myriad colonies there are
Of fairest fields, and rich, undreamed-of gains
Thick-planted in the distant shining plains
Which we call sky because they lie so far?
Oh, write of me, not, "Died in bitter pains,"
But, "Emigrated to another star!"

GOOD MORNING

Lydia Avery Coonley Ward

I GREET you from the world's great heart,
And bear its message on.
Good morning!—We are ne'er apart,
Though earth and heaven were done.

I bring you all that life can give—
Its store of joy and rest;
I give you peace of soul to live
Serene within your breast.

And when I crown all these with love—
God's sunshine for life's way—
"Good morning" are the only words
I ever need to say.

TO-DAY

Lydia Avery Coonley Ward

WHY fear to-morrow, timid heart?
Why tread the future's way?
We only need to do our part
To-day, dear child, to-day.

The past is written! Close the book
On pages sad and gay;
Within the future do not look,
But live to-day—to-day.

'Tis this one hour that God has given;
His *now* we must obey;
And it will make our earth his heaven
To live to-day—to-day.

A DEATH SONG

Paul Lawrence Dunbar

LAY me down beneaf de willers in de grass,
Whah de branch'll go a singin' as it pass.
An' w'en I'se a-layin' low,
I kin hyeah it as it go
Singin', "Sleep, my honey, tek yo' res' at las'.

Lay me nigh to whah hit meks a little pool,
An' de watah stan's so quiet lak an' cool,
Whah de little birds in spring
Ust to come an' drink an' sing,
An' de chillen waded on dey way to school.

Let me settle w'en my shouldahs draps dey load
Nigh enough to hyeah de noises in de road;
Fu' I t'ink de las' long res'
Gwine to soothe my sperrit bes'
Ef I's layin' 'mong de t'ings I's allus knowed.

THE TWO ANGELS

John Greenleaf Whittier

GOD called the nearest angels who dwell with Him above:
The tenderest one was Pity, the dearest one was Love.

"Arise," He said, "my angels, a wail of woe and sin
Steals through the gates of heaven, and saddens all within.

"My harps take up the mournful strain that from a lost world swells,
The smoke of torment clouds the light and blasts the asphodels.

"Fly downward to that under world, and on its souls of pain
Let Love drop smiles like sunshine, and Pity tears like rain!"

Two faces bowed before the Throne, veiled in their golden hair;
Four white wings lessened swiftly down the dark abyss of air.

The way was strange, the flight was long; at last the angels came
Where swung the lost and nether world, red-wrapped in rayless flame.

There Pity, shuddering, wept; but Love, with faith
too strong for fear,
Took heart from God's almightiness and smiled a
smile of cheer.

And lo! that tear of Pity quenched the flame whereon
it fell,
And with the sunshine of that smile, hope entered
into hell!

Two unveiled faces full of joy looked upward to the
Throne,
Four white wings folded at the feet of Him who sat
thereon!

And deeper than the sound of seas, more soft than
falling flake,
Amidst the hush of wing and song the Voice Eternal
spake:

"Welcome, my angels! ye have brought a holier joy
to heaven;
Henceforth its sweetest song shall be the song of sin
forgiven."

LIGHT SHINING OUT OF DARKNESS

William Cowper

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps on the sea,
And rides upon the storm!

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain:
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

HYMN

Sarah Flower Adams

HE sendeth sun, He sendeth shower;
Alike they're needful for the flower.
And joys and tears alike are sent
To give the soul fit nourishment.
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done.

Can loving children e'er reprove
With murmurs whom they trust and love?
Creator! I would ever be
A trusting, loving child to Thee.
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done.

Oh, ne'er will I at life repine:
Enough that Thou hast made it mine.
When falls the shadow cold of death
I yet will sing with parting breath
As comes to me or shade or sun,
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done.

NOCTURNE

Gerald Griffin

SLEEP that like the couched dove
Broods o'er the weary eye,
Dreams that with soft heavings move
The heart of memory,
Labor's guerdon golden rest,
Wrap thee in its downy nest,—
Fall like comfort on thy brain
And sing the hush-song to thy pain!
Far from thee be startling fears,

And dreams the guilty dream;
No banshee scare thy drowsy ears
With her ill-omen'd scream:
But tones of fairy minstrelsy
Float like ghosts of sound o'er thee,
Soft as the chapel's distant bell,
And lull thee to a sweet farewell.

Ye for whom the ashy hearth
The fearful housewife clears,
Ye whose tiny sounds of mirth
The nighted carman hears,
Ye who pigmy hammers make
The wonderers of the cottage wake,

Nocturne

Noiseless by your airy flight,
Silent as the still moonlight.

Silent go, and harmless come,
  Fairies of the stream:
Ye, who love the winter gloom
  Or the gay moonbeam,
Hither bring your drowsy store
Gather'd from the bright lusmore;
Shake o'er temples, soft and deep,
The comfort of the poor man, sleep.

MULTUM DILEXIT

Hartley Coleridge

SHE sat and wept beside His feet; the weight
Of sin oppress'd her heart; for all the blame,
And the poor malice of the worldly shame,
To her was past, extinct, and out of date:
Only the sin remain'd,—the leprous state;
She would be melted by the heat of love,
By fires far fiercer than are blown to prove
And purge the silver ore adulterate.

She sat and wept, and with her untress'd hair
Still wip'd the feet she was so bless'd to touch;
And He wip'd off the soiling of despair
From her sweet soul because she lov'd so much.
I am a sinner, full of doubts and fears:
Make me a humble thing of love and tears.

THY JOY IN SORROW

Chauncey Hare Townshend

GIVE me thy joy in sorrow, gracious Lord,
And sorrow's self shall like to joy appear!
Although the world should waver in its sphere
I tremble not if Thou thy peace afford;
But, Thou withdrawn, I am but as a chord
That vibrates to the pulse of hope and fear:
Nor rest I more than harps which to the air
Must answer when we place their tuneful board
Against the blast, which thrill unmeaning woe
Even in their sweetness. So no earthly wing
Ere sweeps me but to sadden. Oh, place Thou
My heart beyond the world's sad vibrating—
And where but in Thyself? Oh, circle me,
That I may feel no touches save of Thee.

SORROW

Aubrey Thomas De Vere

COUNT each affliction, whether light or grave,
God's messenger sent down to thee; do thou
With courtesy receive him; rise and bow;
And, ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave
Permission first his heavenly feet to lave;
Then lay before him all thou hast. Allow
No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow,
Or mar thy hospitality; no wave
Of mortal tumult to obliterate
The soul's marmoreal calmness. Grief should be
Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate,
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free;
Strong to consume small troubles; to commend
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end.

PSALM 23

THE Lord is my shepherd: I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I shall fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

SUNSET AND SEA

William Wordsworth

IT is a beauteous evening, calm and free,
The holy time is quiet as a nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the sea:
Listen! the mighty Being is awake,
And doth with His eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.
Dear child! dear girl! that walkest with me here,
If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,
Thy nature is not therefore less divine:
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year;
And worship'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not.

PEACE IS BEST

William Wordsworth

THE most alluring clouds that mount the sky
Owe to a troubled element their forms,
Their hues to sunset. If with raptured eye
We watch their splendor, shall we covet storms,
And wish the Lord of day his slow decline
Would hasten, that such pomp may float on high?
Behold, already they forget to shine,
Dissolve—and leave to him who gazed a sigh.
Not loth to thank each moment for its boon
Of pure delight, come whencesoe'er it may,
Peace let us seek,—to steadfast things attune
Calm expectations—leaving to the gay
And volatile their love of transient bowers.
The house that cannot pass away be ours.

SURSUM CORDA!

William Wordsworth

WHERE lies the truth? Has man, in wisdom's creed,
A pitiable doom; for respite brief
A care more anxious, or a heavier grief?
Is he ungrateful, and doth little heed
God's bounty, soon forgotten? Or, indeed,
Must man, with labor born, awake to sorrow
When flowers rejoice and larks with rival speed
Spring from their nests to bid the sun good morrow?
They mount for rapture as their songs proclaim,
Warbled in hearing both of earth and sky;
But o'er the contrast wherefore heave a sigh?
Like those aspirants let us soar—our aim,
Through life's worst trials, whether shocks or snares,
A happier, brighter, purer heaven than theirs.

PSALM 30

I WILL extol thee, O Lord; for thou hast lifted me up,
And hast not made my foes to rejoice over me.
O Lord, my God, I cried unto thee,
And thou hast healed me.
O Lord, thou hast brought up my soul from the grave:
Thou hast kept me alive, that I should not go down to the pit.
Sing unto the Lord, O ye saints of his,
And give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness.
For his anger endureth but a moment; in his favor is life:
Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in in the morning.
And in my prosperity I said, I shall never be moved.
Lord, by thy favor thou hast made my mountain to stand strong.
Thou didst hide thy face, and I was troubled.
I cried to thee, O Lord;
And unto the Lord I made supplication.
What profit is there in my blood, when I go down to the pit?

Shall the dust praise thee? Shall it declare thy truth?

Hear, O Lord, and have mercy upon me:

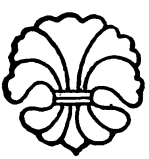
Lord, be thou my helper.

Thou hast turned for me my mourning into dancing;

Thou hast put off my sackcloth, and girded me with gladness;

To the end that my glory may sing praise to thee, and not be silent.

O Lord, my God, I will give thanks unto thee forever.



"WHERE LIES THE LAND"

(Wordsworth)

Hall Caine

WHERE lies the land to which thy soul would go?
Beyond the wearied wold, the songless dell,
The purple grape and golden asphodel,
Beyond the zone where streams baptismal flow.
Where lies the land of which thy soul would know?
There where the unvexed senses darkling dwell,
Where never haunting, hurrying footfall fell,
Where toil is not, nor builded hope laid low.

Rest! rest! to thy hushed realm how one by one
Old Earth's tired ages steal away and weep
Forgotten or unknown, long duty done.
Ah, God, when death in seeming peace shall steep
Life's loud turmoil and Time his race hath run
Shall heart of man at length find rest and sleep?

PRAYER

Hartley Coleridge

THERE is an awful quiet in the air,
And the sad earth, with moist imploring eye,
Looks wide and wakeful at the pondering sky,
Like Patience slow subsiding to Despair.
But see, the blue smoke as a voiceless prayer,
Sole witness of a secret sacrifice,
Unfolds its tardy wreaths, and multiplies
Its soft chameleon breathings in the rare
Capacious ether,—so it fades away,
And nought is seen beneath the pendent blue,
The undistinguishable waste of day.
So have I dreamed — oh, may the dream be true!—
That praying souls are purged from mortal hue,
And grow as pure as He to whom they pray.

NOT IN VAIN

Hartley Coleridge

LET me not deem that I was made in vain,
Or that my being was an accident
Which Fate, in working its sublime intent,
Not wished to be, to hinder would not deign.
Each drop uncounted in a storm of rain
Hath its own mission, and is duly sent
To its own leaf or blade, not idly spent
'Mid myriad dimples on the shipless main.
The very shadow of an insect's wing,
For which the violet cared not while it stayed
Yet felt the lighter for its vanishing,
Proved that the sun was shining by its shade.
Then can a drop of the eternal spring,
Shadow of living lights, in vain be made?

A SUNSET THOUGHT

Henry Ellison

THE sun is burning with intensest light
Behind yon grove; and in the golden glow
Of unconsuming fire, it doth show
Like to the bush, in which to Moses' sight
The Lord appeared! and oh, am I not right
In thinking that he reappears e'en now
To me, in the old glory?—and I bow
My head, in wonder hush'd behold His might!
Yea, this whole world so vast, to faith's clear eye,
Is but the burning bush full of His power!
His light, and glory; not consumed thereby,
But made transparent; till in each least flower,
Yea! in each smallest leaf, she can descry
His Spirit shining through it visibly!

TWO INFINITIES

Edward Dowden

A LONELY way, and as I went my eyes
Could not unfasten from the spring's sweet things,
Lush-sprouted grass, and all that climbs and clings
In loose, deep hedges, where the primrose lies
In her own fairness, buried blooms surprise
The plunderer bee and stop his murmurings,
And the glad flutter of a finch's wings
Outstartle small blue-speckled butterflies.
Blissfully did one speedwell plot beguile
My whole heart long; I loved each separate flower
Kneeling. I looked up suddenly—Dear God!
There stretched the shining plain for many a mile,
The mountains rose with what invincible power!
And how the sky was fathomless and broad!

AFTER DEATH IN ARABIA

Sir Edwin Arnold

HE who died at Azan sends
This to comfort all his friends:

Faithful friends! It lies, I know,
Pale and white and cold as snow;
And ye say, "Abdallah's dead!"
Weeping at the foot and head,
I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your sighs and prayers;
Yet I smile and whisper this,—
"*I* am not the thing you kiss;
Cease your tears, and let it lie;
It *was* mine, it is not I."

Sweet friends! What the women lave
For its last bed of the grave,
Is a tent which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting,
Is a cage from which, at last,
Like a hawk my soul hath pass'd.
Love the inmate, not the room,—
The wearer, not the garb,—the plume
Of the falcon, not the bars
Which kept him from these splendid stars.

After Death in Arabia

Loving friends! Be wise and dry
Straightway every weeping eye,—
What ye lift upon the bier
Is not worth a wistful tear.
'Tis an empty sea-shell,—one
Out of which the pearl is gone;
The shell is broken, it lies there;
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.
'Tis an earthen jar whose lid
Allah seal'd, the while it hid
That treasure of his treasury
A mind that lov'd him; let it lie!
Let the shard be earth's once more,
Since the gold shines in his store!
Allah glorious! Allah good!
Now thy world is understood;
Now the long, long wonder ends;
Yet ye weep, my erring friends,

While the man whom ye call dead
In unspoken bliss, instead,
Lives and loves you; lost, 'tis true,
By such light as shines for you;
But in light ye cannot see
Of unfulfill'd felicity,—
In enlarging paradise,
Lives a life that never dies.

Farewell, friends! Yet not farewell;
Where I am, ye, too, shall dwell.
I am gone before your face,
A moment's time, a little space.
When ye come where I have stepp'd
Ye will wonder why ye wept;
Ye will know, by wise love taught,
That here is all, and there is naught.
Weep awhile, if ye are fain,—
Sunshine still must follow rain;
Only not at death,—for death,
Now I know, is that first breath
Which our souls draw when we enter
Life, which is of all life center.
Be ye certain all seems love,
Viewed from Allah's throne above;
Be ye stout of heart and come
Bravely onward to your home!
La Allah illa Allah! yea!
Thou love divine! Thou love alway!

He that died at Azan gave
This to those that made his grave.

A CHILD'S THOUGHT OF GOD

Elizabeth Barret Browning

THEY say that God lives very high!
But if you look above the pines
You cannot see our God. And why?

And if you dig down in the mines
You never see Him in the gold,
Though from Him all that's glory shines.

God is so good, He wears a fold
Of heaven and earth across His face—
Like secrets kept, for love, untold.

But still I feel that His embrace
Slides down by thrills, through all things made,
Through sight and sound of every place:

As if my tender mother laid
On my shut lids, her kisses' pressure,
Half waking me at night; and said,
"Who kissed you through the dark, dear guesser?"

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE

Thomas Moore

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er you languish
Come, at God's altar fervently kneel.
Here bring your wounded hearts; here tell your anguish—
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying,
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name saying,
"Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure."

Go, ask the infidel what boon he brings us,
What charm for aching hearts *he* can reveal,
Sweet as that heavenly promise Hope sings us—
"Earth has no sorrow that God cannot heal."

HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP

Elizabeth Barret Browning

OF ALL the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward into souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this—
"He giveth His beloved sleep"?

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart to be unmoved,
The poet's star-tuned heart to sweep,
The patriot's voice to teach and rouse,
The monarch's crown to light the brows?
He giveth His beloved sleep.

What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith all undisproved,
A little dust to overweep,
And bitter memories to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake:
He giveth His beloved sleep.

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,
Who have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep:
But never doleful dream again

Shall break the happy slumber when
He giveth His beloved sleep.

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delved gold, the wailers heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God strikes a silence through you all,
And giveth His beloved sleep.

His dews drop mutely on the hill,
The cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men sow and reap:
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
He giveth His beloved sleep.

Ay, men may wonder while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man
Confirmed in such a rest to keep;
But angels say, and through the word,
I think their happy smile is heard—
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

For me, my heart that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the mummers leap,
Would now its wearied vision close,

He Giveth His Beloved Sleep

Would childlike on His love repose
Who giveth His beloved sleep.

And friends, dear friends, when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let One, most loving of you all,
Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall!
He giveth His beloved sleep."

RESIGNATION

H. W. Longfellow

THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there.
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair.

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted.

Let us be patient. These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;
Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death. What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but the suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

Resignation

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child again shall we behold her;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
That cannot rest,—

We will be patient and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay;
By silence sanctifyng, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

THERE IS NO DEATH

J. L. McCreery

THERE is no death, the stars go down
To rise upon some other shore,
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forevermore.

There is no death! the forest leaves
Convert to life the viewless air;
The rocks disorganize to feed
The hungry moss they bear.

There is no death! the dust we tread
Shall change, beneath the summer showers,
To golden grain, or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

There is no death! the leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away—
They only wait, through wintry hours,
The warm, sweet breath of May.

There is no death! the choicest gifts
That heaven hath kindly lent to earth
Are first to seek again
The country of their birth.

And all things that for growth of joy
  Are worthy of our love or care,
Whose loss has left us desolate,
  Are safely garnered there.

Though life become a dreary waste,
  We know its fairest, sweetest flowers,
Transplanted into paradise,
  Adorn immortal bowers.

The voice of bird-like melody
  That we have missed and mourned so long,
Now mingles with the angel choir
  In everlasting song.

There is no death! although we grieve
  When beautiful, familiar forms
That we have learned to love are torn
  From our embracing arms.

Although with bowed and breaking heart,
  With sable garb and silent tread,
We bear their senseless dust to rest,
  And say that they are "dead,"

They are not dead! They have but passed
  Beyond the mists that blind us here
Into the new and larger life
  Of that serener sphere.

There Is No Death

They have but dropped their robe of clay
To put their shining raiment on;
They have not wandered far away—
They are not "lost" or "gone."

Though disenthralled and glorified,
They still are here and love us yet;
The dear ones they have left behind,
They never can forget.

And sometimes, when our hearts grow faint
Amid temptations fierce and deep,
Or when the wildly raging waves
Of grief or passion sweep,

We feel upon our fevered brow
Their gentle touch, their breath of balm;
Their arms enfold us, and our hearts
Grow comforted and calm.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear, immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there are no dead.

BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN

William Cullen Bryant

O DEEM not they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
The Power who pities man has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

And thou, who o'er thy friend's low bier
Sheddest the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
Will give him to thy arms again.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny—
Though with a pierced and bleeding heart
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

For God hath marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear,
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

WHAT OF THAT?

Anonymous.

TIRED! Well, what of that?
Didst fancy life was spent on beds of ease,
Fluttering the rose leaves scattered by the breeze?
Come, rouse thee! work while it is called to-day!
Coward, arise! go forth upon thy way!

Lonely! And what of that?
Some must be lonely! 'tis not given to all
To feel a heart responsive rise and fall,
To blend another life into its own.
Work may be done in loneliness. Work on.

Dark! Well, and what of that?
Didst fondly dream the sun would never set?
Dost fear to lose thy way? Take courage yet!
Learn thou to walk by faith and not by sight;
Thy steps will guided be, and guided right.

Hard! Well, what of that?
Didst fancy life one summer holiday,
With lessons none to learn, and nought but play?
Go, get thee to thy task! Conquer or die!
It must be learned! Learn it then patiently.

No help! Nay, it's not so!
Though human help be far, thy God is nigh,
Who feeds the ravens, hears His children's cry.
He's near thee, wheresoe'er thy footsteps roam,
And He will guide thee, light thee, help thee, home.

LOSS AND GAIN

Nora Perry

WHEN the baby died, we said,
With a sudden, secret dread:
"Death, be merciful, and pass;—
Leave the other!"—but alas!

While we watched he waited there,
One foot on the golden stair,
One hand beckoning at the gate,
Till the home was desolate.

Friends say, "It is better so,
Clothed in innocence to go";
Say, to ease the parting pain,
That "your loss is but their gain."

Ah, the parents think of this!
But remember more the kiss
From the little rose-red lips;
And the print of finger tips

Left upon the broken toy,
Will remind them how the boy
And his sister charmed the days
With their pretty, winsome ways.

Only time can give relief
To the weary, lonesome grief:
God's sweet minister of pain
Then shall sing of loss and gain.

MY CHILD

John Pierpont

I CANNOT make him dead!
His fair sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study chair;
Yet when my eyes now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes—he is not there.

I know his face is hid
Under the coffin lid;
Closed are his eyes; cold is his forehead fair;
My hand that marble felt;
O'er it in prayer I knelt;
Yet my heart whispers that—he is not there.

He lives!—In all the past
He lives; nor, to the last,
Of seeing him again will I despair;
In dreams I see him now;
And on his angel brow,
I see it written, "Thou shalt see me there!"

Yes, we all live to God!
Father, thy chastening rod,
So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,
That, in the spirit land,
Meeting at thy right hand,
'Twill be our heaven to find that—he is there!

THE RECONCILIATION

Lord Tennyson

AS through the land at eve we went,
And plucked the ripened ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,—
Oh, we fell out, I know not why,
And kissed again with tears.

For when we came where lies the child,
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
Oh, there above the little grave,
We kissed again with tears.

CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE

Sir Henry Wotton

HOW happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill.

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Nor tied unto the world with care
Of public fame, or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Or vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good;

Who hath his life from rumors freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make accusers great;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend,
And entertains the harmless day
With a well-chosen book or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.